A

COLLECTION

Of Twenty Four

SONGS,

Written by ſeveral Hands.

And ſet by ſeveral Maſters of Muſick.

VVith the Tunes Engraven on Copper-plates, with great Care.

Moſt of them within the Compaſs of a Flute.

LONDON,

Printed by *F. Leach*, for *Charles Corbet*, and Publiſhed by *W. Davis*, in *Amen-Corner*; and are to be ſold by moſt Bookſellers, and Muſick-ſhops. MDCLXXXV.

Price One Shilling.

A

COLLECTION

OF Twenty Four

SONGS,

Written by ſeveral Hands.

And ſet by ſeveral Maſters of Muſick,

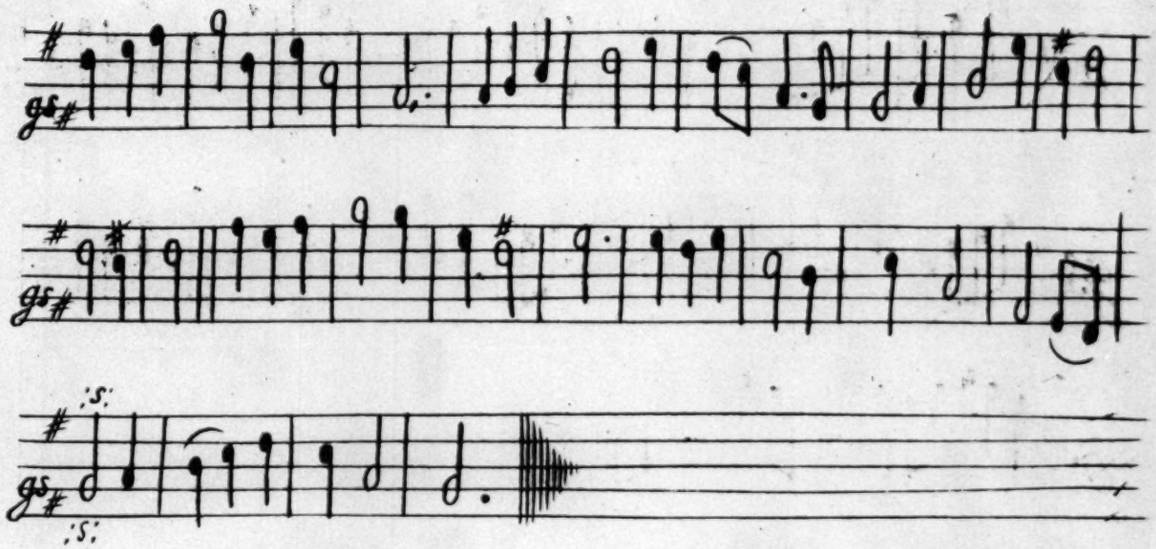
With the Tunes Engraven on Copper-plates, with great Care.

Moſt of them within the Compaſs of a Flute.

LONDON,

Printed by F. Leach, for Charles Corbet, and Publiſhed by W. Davis, in Amen-Corner; and are to be ſold by moſt Bookſellers, and Muſick-ſhops. MDCLXXXV.

Price One Shilling.

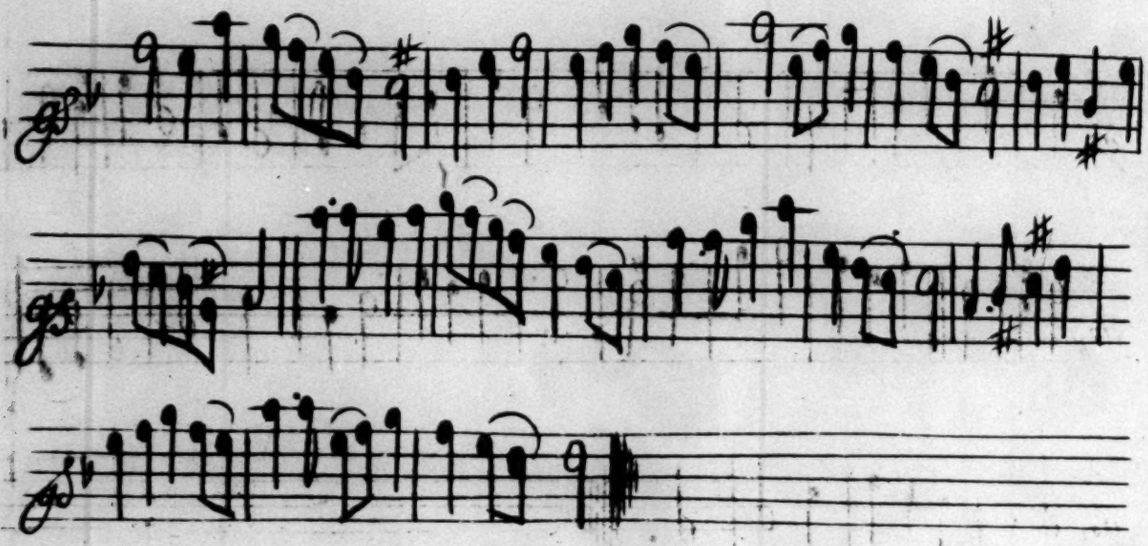


I.

FLy from *Olinda*, young and fair;
Fly from her ſoft engaging air,
And Wit in Women, found ſo rare.
Though all her looks to Love adviſe,
Her yet unconquer'd Heart denies,
And breaks the Promiſe of her Eyes.

II.

Waſte not your time in coy diſdain;
Think not your Beauty's pleaſing Reign
By way of Rigour to maintain.
If we to Kings obedience owe,
If we to Gods with Incenſe go,
'Tis for the Bleſſings they beſtow.

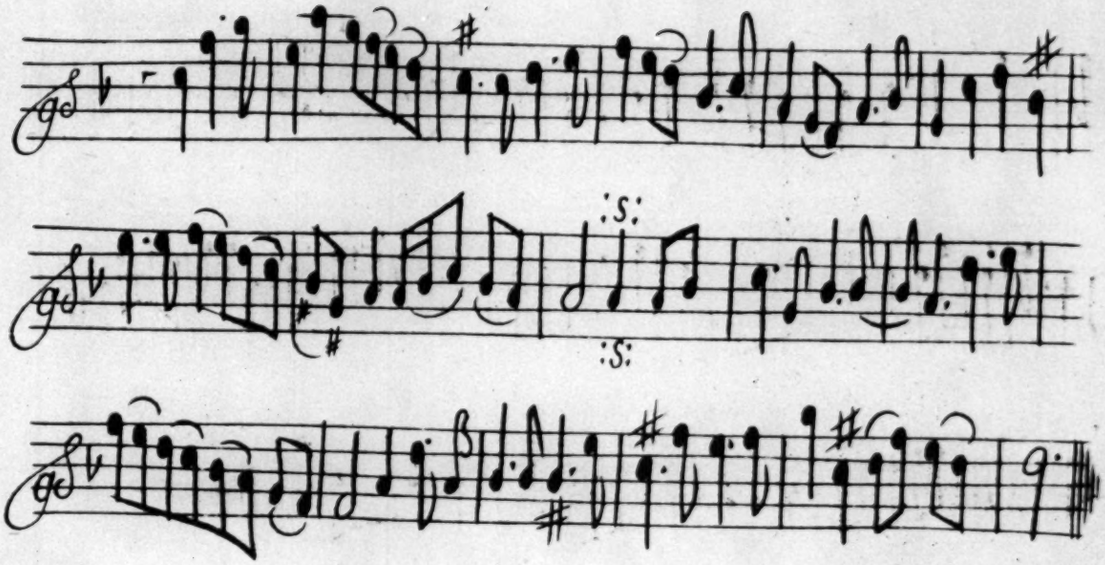


I.

COuld my *Aminta* prove
Half ſo kind as ſhe is cruel,
Ah could ſhe once but Love
For an hour or two like me,
All the torments I endur'd
She will by one Smile Repay,
And my wounded Heart will cure
Should the Joys a moment ſtay.

II.

See, ſee, you mighty Powers
What a Heart you have wounded
See how it Bleeds in ſhowers
From the Wounds your Darts have made.
Since that neither Prayers nor Tears
Can her Heart with Pity move,
Then my Dagger ends my fears
And my fatal ſtroke my Love.

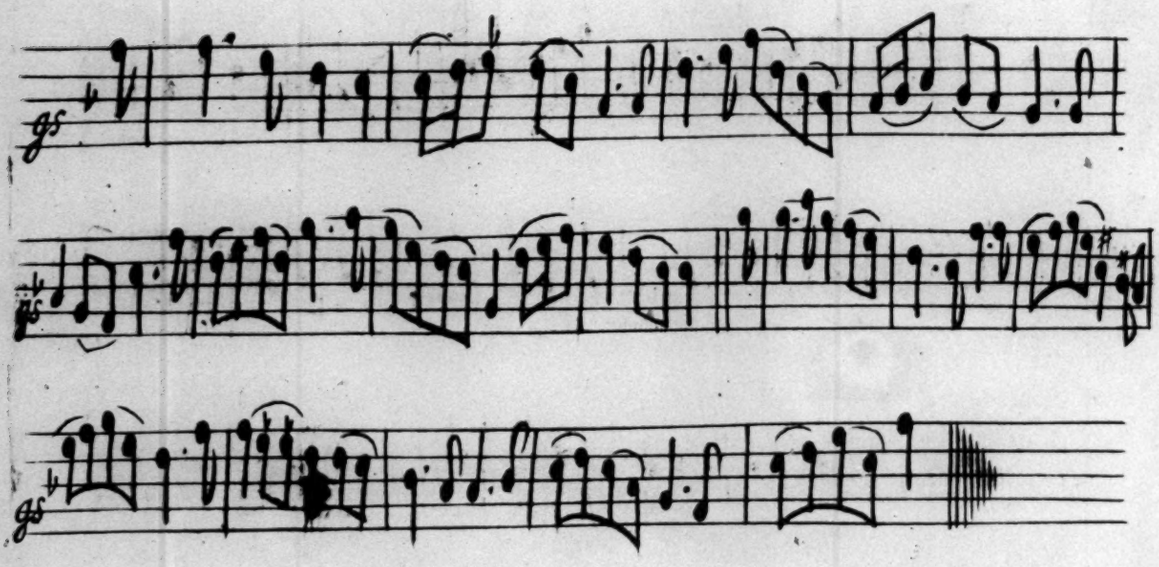


I.

IF abſent I from *Phillis* am,
And judge my Merit by my Love,
Strait I reſolve to own my Flame,
And hope I may ſucceſsful prove.
But when her Beauty I behold,
And each ſurprizing Charm admire,
I think a Monarch were too bold
If ~~he did~~ to her Love aſpire.

II.

Then quite deſpairing of my Fate,
I all amaz'd and ſilent ſtray,
Nor dare, ſo much I dread my Fate,
One ſigh or tender look betray.
Thus ſome who moſt your Alms deſerve,
Aſham'd to beg, unpitti'd ſtarve,
Whileſt oft with falſe and Clamorous Grief,
The ſaucy Beggar gets Relief.

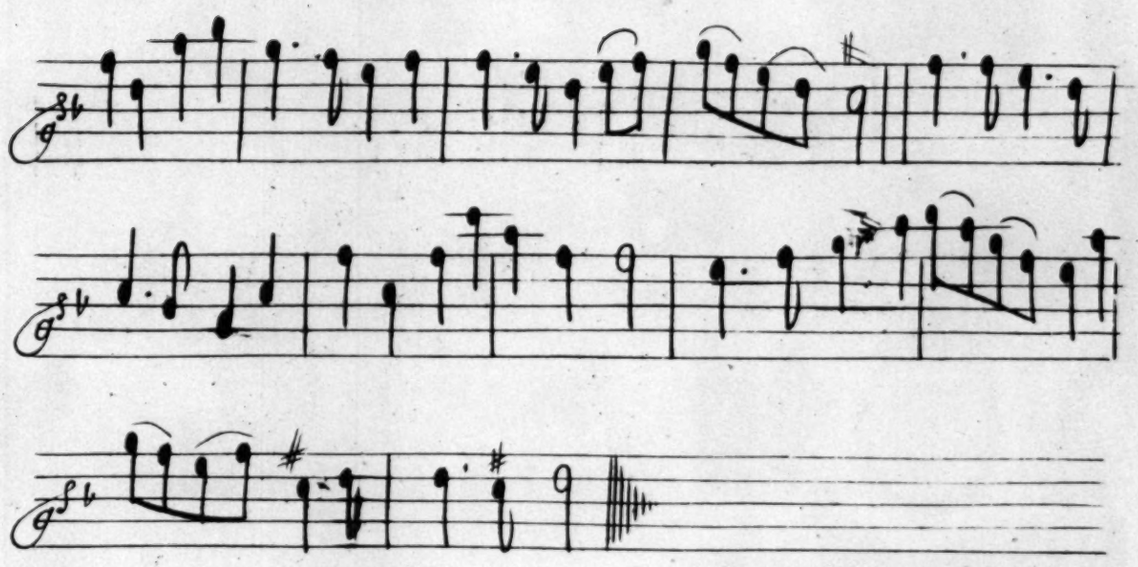


I.

AS *May* in all her youthful dreſs,
My Love ſo gay did once appear,
A Spring of Charms dwelt on her Face,
And Roſes did inhabit there.
Thus whileſt our Joyment was but young,
Each night new Pleaſures did Create,
Harmonious words dropt from her Tongue,
And *Cupid* on her Forehead ſate.

II.

But as the Sun to Weſt declines
The Eaſtern Sky does colder grow,
And all its bluſhing looks reſigns
To'th' pale-fac'd Moon that rules below:
Whileſt Love was eager, brisk and warm,
My *Cloe* then was kind and gay,
But when by Time I loſt the Charms,
Her Smiles, like *Autumn*, dropt away.

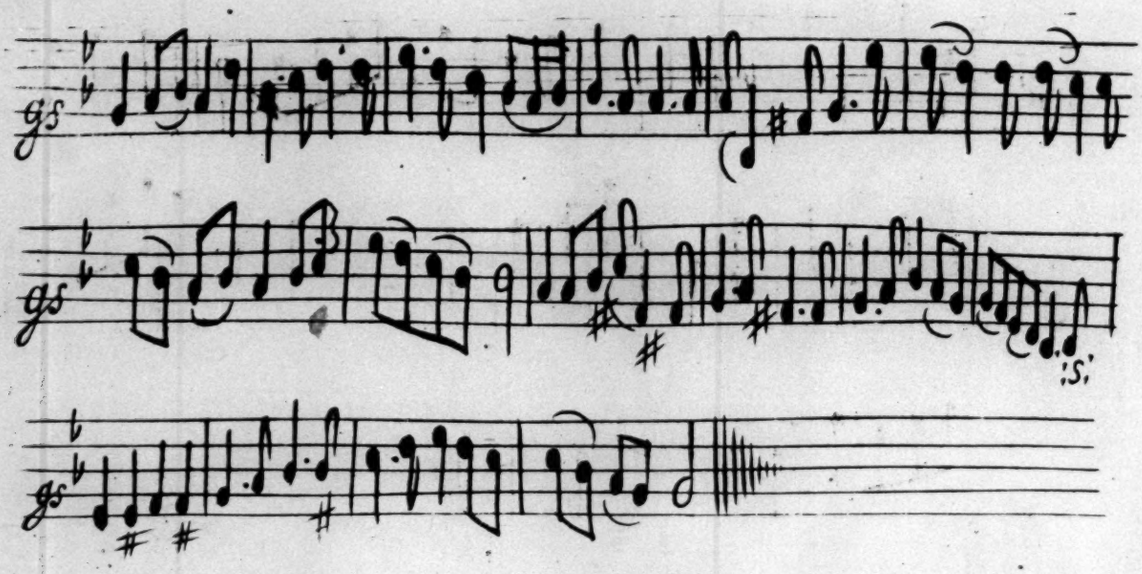


I.

WHen *Lucinda*'s blooming Beauty
Did the wondring Town ſurprize,
With the firſt I paid my Duty,
Fixing there my wandring Eyes:
Her kind Spring each hour diſcloſes
Charms we no where elſe can trace,
Gayer than the bluſh on Roſes
Are the Glories of her Face.

II.

She's alone the life of Pleaſure,
Makes the Park, and makes the Play;
Scatt'ring her amazing Treaſure,
Gives her Slaves a Golden Day.
You whoſe thoughts are too aſpiring,
Hope not ſhe will eaſe your care,
I have learn'd to live admiring,
Love is vanquiſh'd by Deſpair.

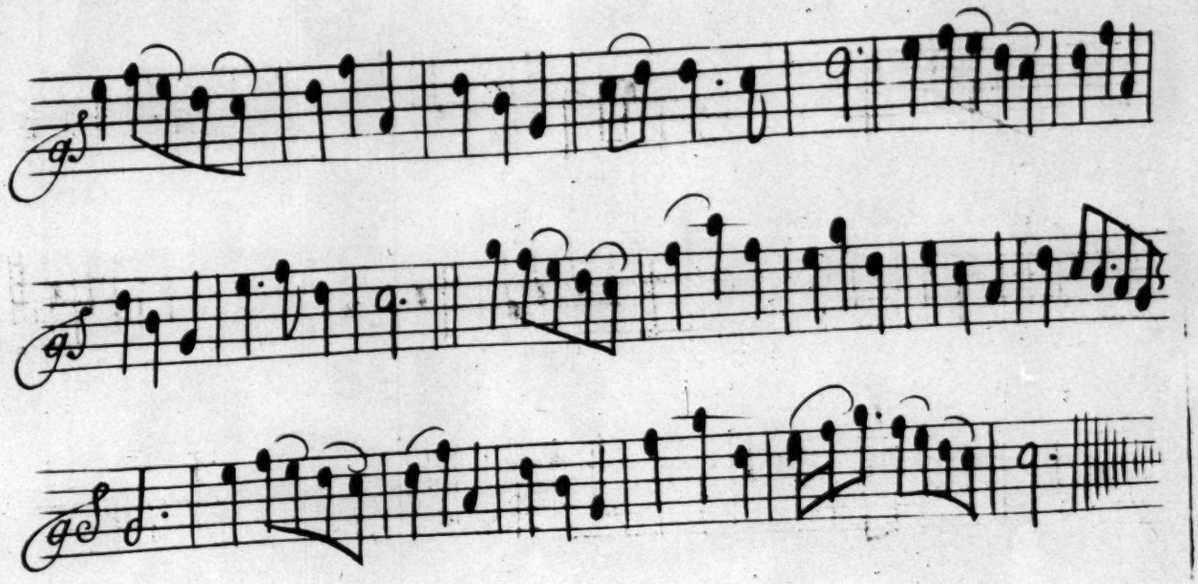


I.

GO tell *Aminta*, gentle Swain,
I would not dye, nor dare complain,
Thy Tuneful Voice with numbers joyn,
Thy Voice will more prevail than mine:
For Souls oppreſt, and dumb with grief,
The Gods ordain'd this kind Relief.
That Muſick ſhould in ſounds convey
What Dying Lovers dare not ſay.

II.

A Sigh or Tear perhaps ſhe'll give,
But Love on Pity cannot live.
Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
And Love with Love is only paid.
Tell her my Pains ſo faſt increaſe
That ſoon they will be paſt Redreſs.
For O the Wretch that Speechleſs lyes
Attends but Death to cloſe his Eyes.

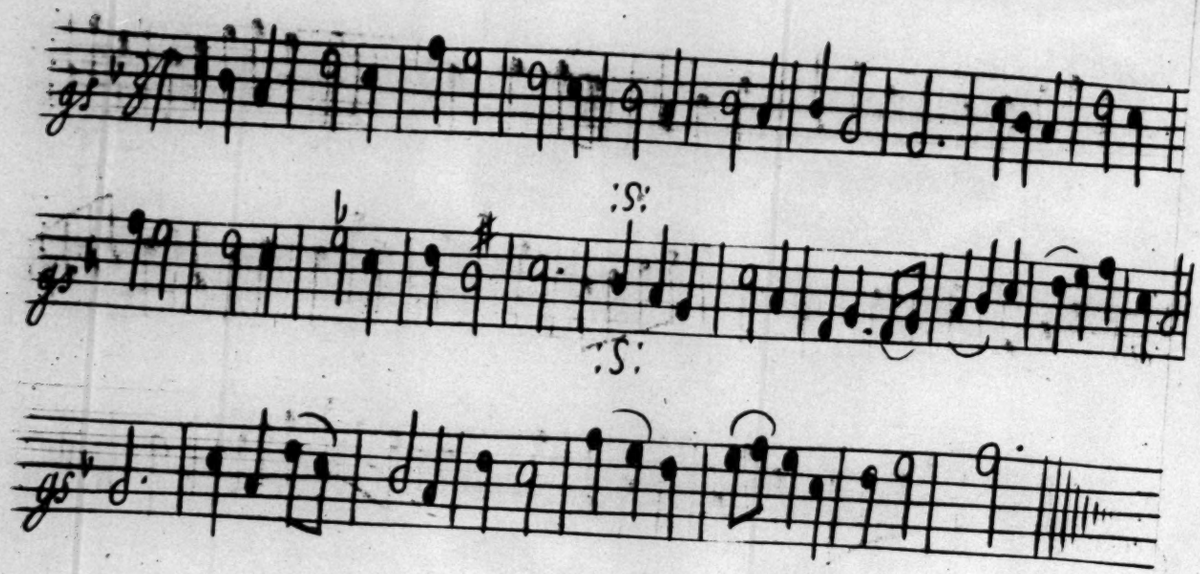


I.

AH faithleſs *Silvia* come tell me
Why ſo cruel grown,
So to undo me, and kill me,
Who once was your own.
When that I woo'd thee, and ſu'd thee,
How hard was my fate,
So to enſlave me, then leave me,
To cry 'tis too late.

II.

When thy poor Shepherd diſtreſſed,
Went wandering on the Plain,
Think how his Soul was oppreſſed
With *Silvia*'s diſdain.
Each flying moment freſh thoughts,
And new troubles to me does create,
Since to regain the leaſt Treaſures and Pleaſures,
Alas 'tis too late.

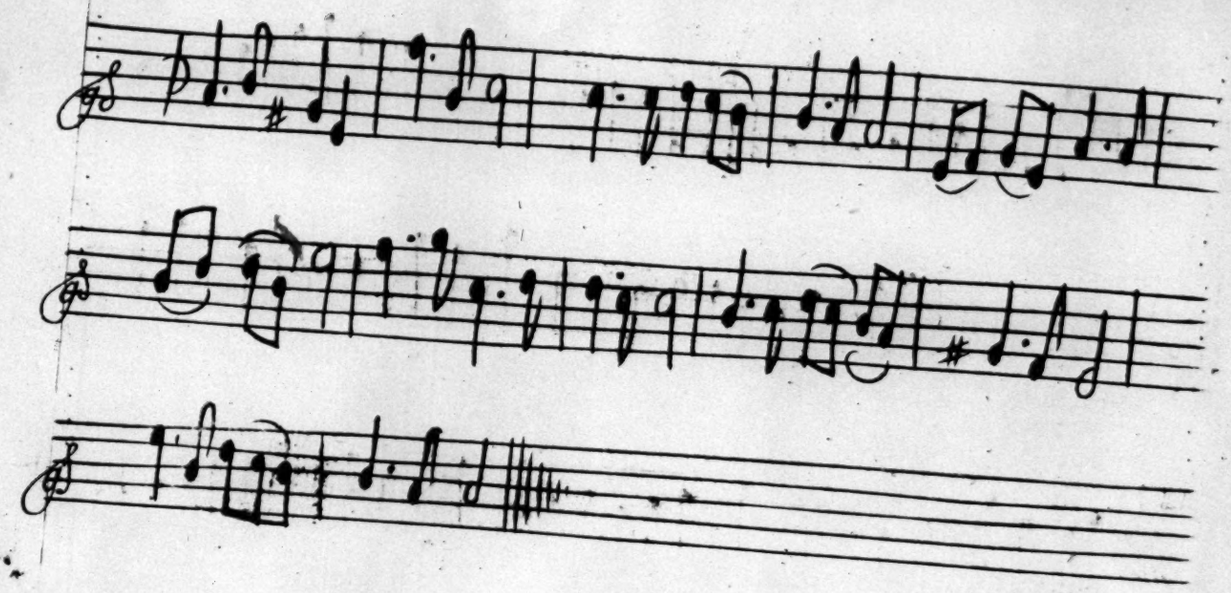


I.

I Never ſaw the Face till now
That could my Paſſion move,
I lik'd and ventur'd e'ry Vow,
But durſt not think on Love.
Till Beauty charming e'ry ſenſe
An eaſie Conqueſt made,
And ſhew'd the vainneſs of defence,
Where *Phillis* does invade.

II.

But O how her colder Heart denies
The thoughts her looks inſpire,
And whileſt in Ice that frozen lyes,
Her Eyes dart only Fire.
Between extreams I am undone,
Like Plants too Northern ſet,
Burnt by too violent a Sun,
And chill'd for want of heat.



I.

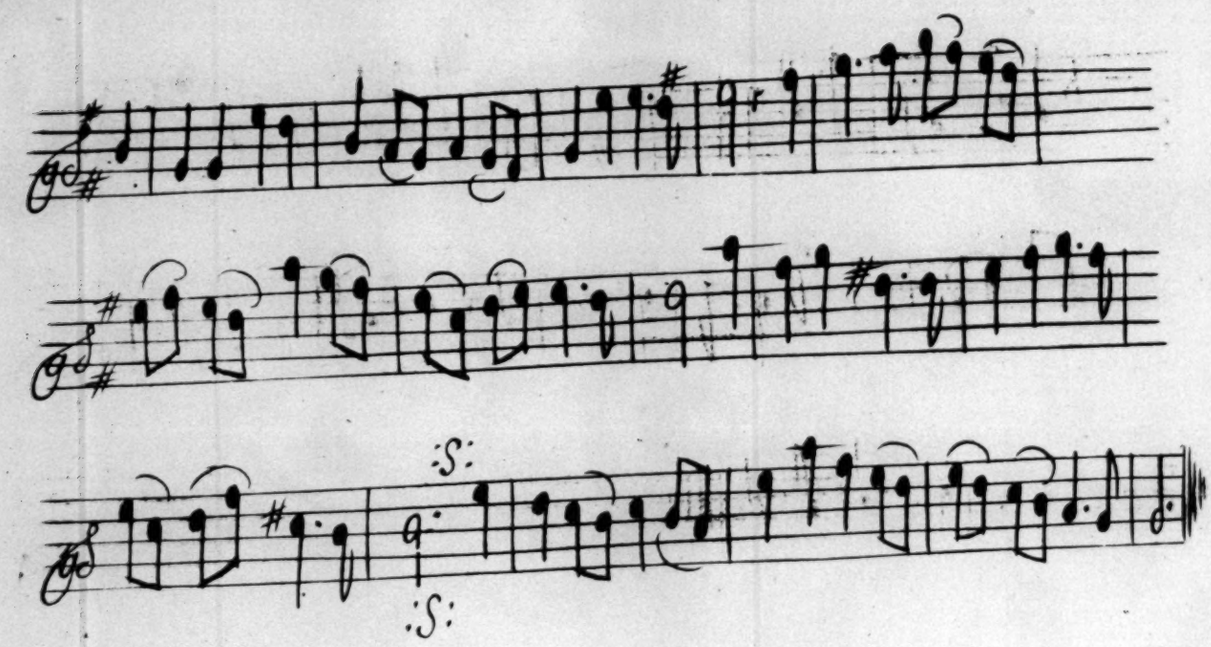
YOu I love, by *Jove* I do,
More than all things here below,
With a Paſſion far more great
Than e're Creature Loved yet,
And yet ſtill you cry forbear,
Love no more, or Love not here.

II.

Bid the Miſer leave his Ore,
Bid the wretched ſigh no more,
Bid the old be young again,
Bid thee now ne're think on man.
Silvia this when you can do,
Bid me then ne're think on you.

III.

Love's not a thing of Choice but Fate,
That makes me Love, makes you to Hate:
Silvia then do what you will,
Eaſe or cure, torment or kill;
Be kind or cruel, falſe or true,
Love I muſt, and none but you.

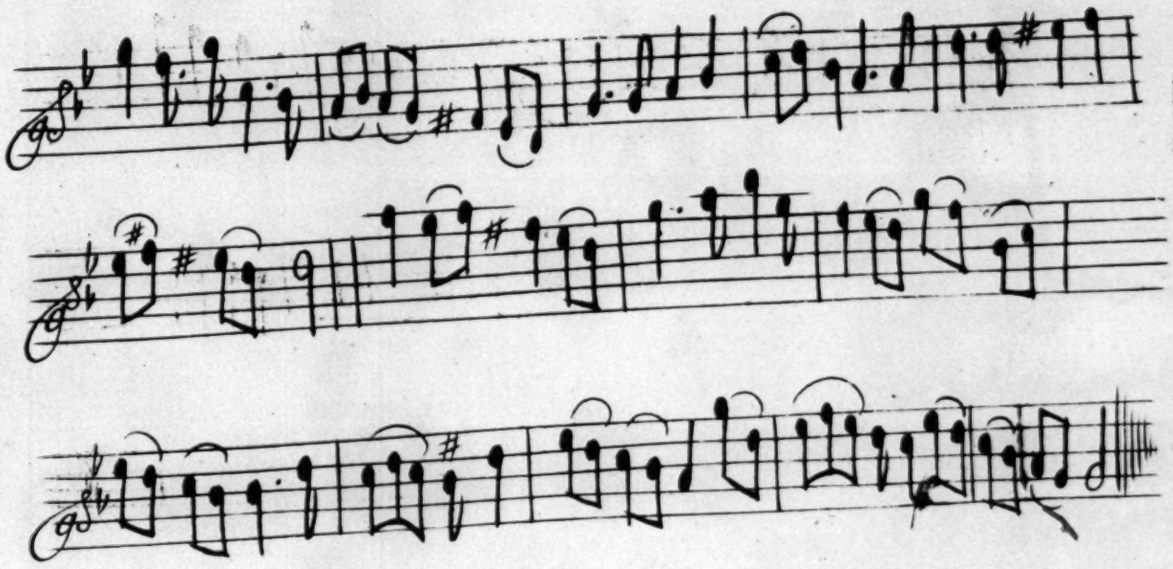


I.

IN *Silvia* is my whole delight,
There is no other ſhe,
When abſent none can pleaſe my ſight,
Your Image ſtill I ſee.
The Turkey parts with his fond mate
Not half ſo loath as I,
I ſoftly ſigh to my hard fate,
If abſent long, I dye.

II.

Each moment ſeems an age to me,
I hope 'tis ſo to you,
The Slave longs leſs for Liberty,
Than I to find you true.
Silvia return then to my Arms,
For I am all deſire,
Were I to you ſo full of Charms,
Our Flamse could not expire.



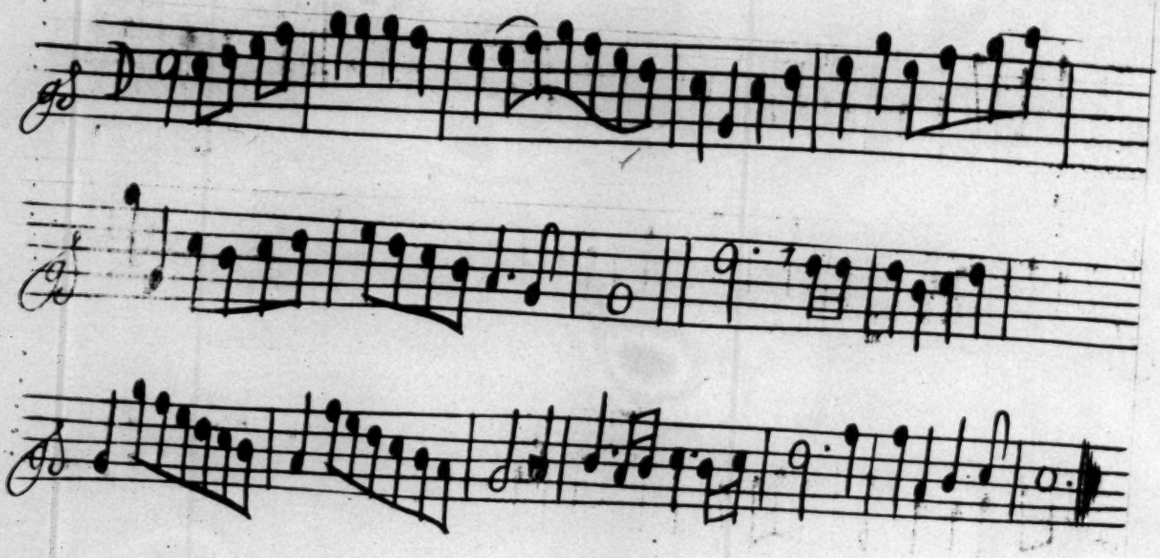
Olinda's Anſwer.

I.

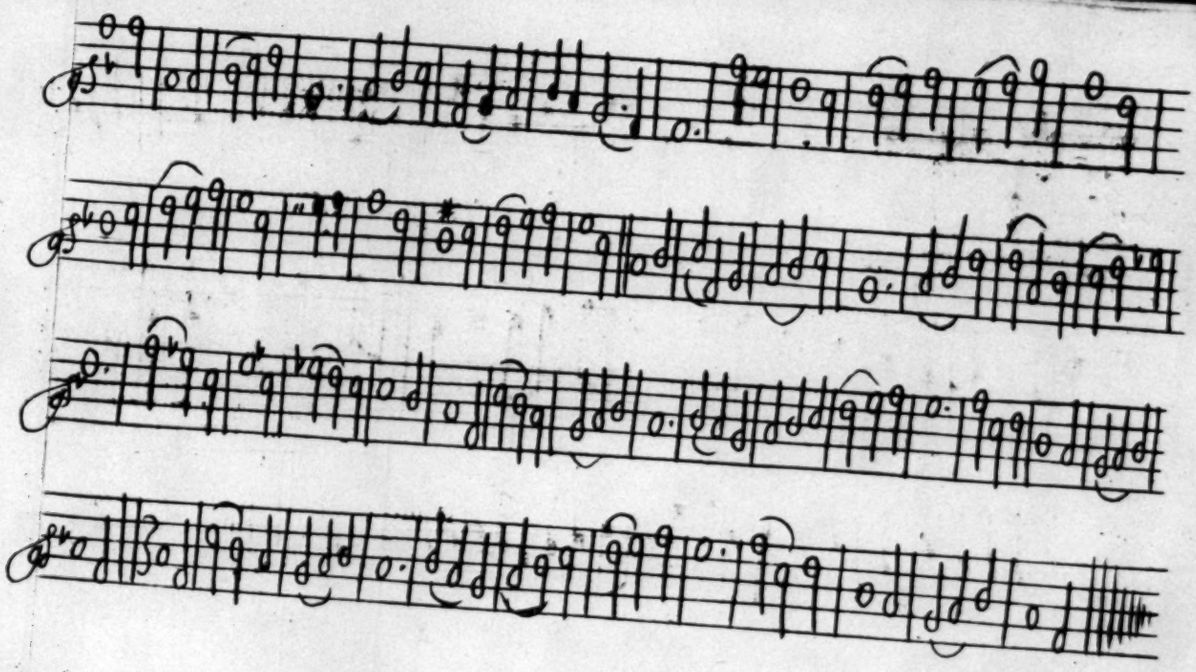
AH poor *Olinda* never boaſt
Of Charms that thy freedom croſt,
They throw at Hearts and thine is loſt.
Yet none my ruine ought to blame,
His Wit firſt blew me to a flame,
Then fans me with the Wings of Fame.

II.

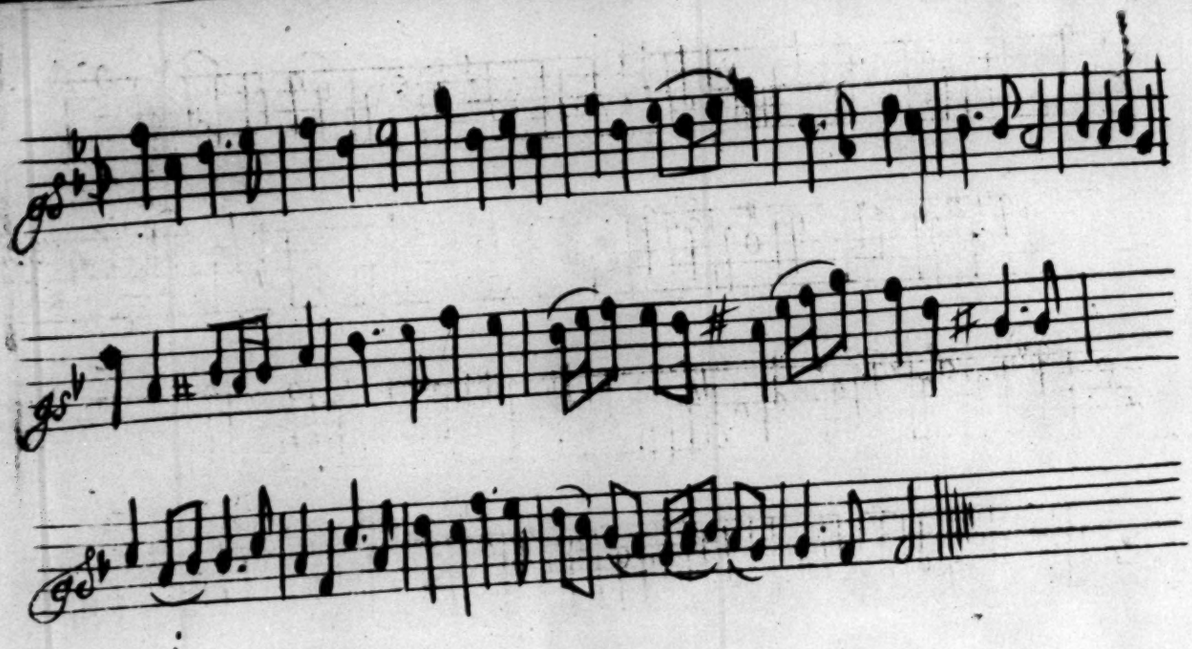
In vain I do his perſon ſhun,
I cannot from his Glory run,
That's univerſal as the Sun:
In Crouds in Praiſes fill my Ear,
Alone his genius does appear,
He like a God is every where.



HAil to the Mighty Monarch, Valiant Pole,
Of Victory the Soul:
The first great Conqueror,
In a Holy War,
The bright Auſpicious Northern Star.
To *Staremburg* the Bold and all his Train,
To the generous *Lorrain*,
That has Valiant Men at his Command
As e're the mighty Bully had that ſtole his Land.
For 'twas he, 'twas he, that Chriſtian Turk.
That has ſet 'em all to work;
And now lies upon the Lurk,
In hopes a mighty Name to gain,
But his hopes may prove in vain.
For the *Pole* with his *Jove* aſſiſting Hand
Thundred all out of the Land,
By a Word of his Command,
Both *Trimmer*, *Whig* and *Jew*,
And all that Chriſtian Peace Subdue.



SEE how fair *Clorinda* lyes,
Kindly calling with her Eyes,
In the tender moment prove her,
Shepherd why ſo dull a Lover,
Prethee why ſo dull a Lover.
In her Bluſhes ſee your ſhame,
Angry they with Love complain
You too coldly entertain her.
Lay your Pipe a little by,
If no other Charms you try,
You will never gain her.
Whileſt the happy minute is,
Court her, you may get a kiſs,
May be favours that are greater.
Leave your Piping, to her fly,
When the Nymph you love is nigh,
Is't with a Tune you treat her.
Dull *Amintas* fy, O fy,
Now your Shepherdeſs is nigh,
Can you paſs your time no better.
Can you paſs your time no better.



I.

ANgels may be very fair,
But *Bellinda* is a Creature
Bright as any Angels are,
To the praiſe of humane nature.
Hopes then are no friends of mine,
That leads me on to my diſdain,
Nor eyes that makes a Heart,
Where adoration is in vain.

II.

Where we hate, they hate us too,
And muſt Love go unregarded,
Or if Love to Love be due,
Why is mine no more rewarded;
Better to that I Heaven fly
Where Joys are treated in extremes,
Then at this hopeleſs diſtance ley,
Where pleaſures only is a dream.

OLd *Chiron* thus Preacht
To his Pupil *Achilles*,
I'll tell you, I'll tell you, young Gentleman,
What the Fates will is;
You my Boy muſt go,
You my Boy muſt go,
Muſt go, muſt go,
The Gods will have it ſo,
To the Siege of *Troy*,
Thence never to return, thence never to return,
Never to return, never to return,
To *Greece* again,
But before thoſe Walls to be ſlain,
But before thoſe Walls to be ſlain,
But before thoſe Walls to be ſlain.
Let not your noble Courage be caſt down,
Let not your noble Courage be caſt down,
Let not your noble Courage,
Let not your noble Courage be caſt down,
But all the while you lie before the Town,
Drink all the while,
Drink all the while you lie before the Town,
Drink and drive Care away,
Drink and be merry,
You'll ne're go the ſooner,
You'll ne're go the ſooner,
You'll ne're go the ſooner,
To the *Stygian* Ferry.

PRetty *Flaromell*
No Tongue can ever tell
The Charms that in thee dwell:
Thoſe Soul melting Pleaſures,
Shou'd the mighty *Jove* once view,
He'd fall in Love,
And plunder all above,
To Ruine down his Treaſure.
Ah cry'd the Nymph in the Shepherds Arms,
Had you half ſo much Love as you ſay I have Charms.
Here's not a Soul created for Man or Love,
More true than *Flaromell* will prove;
I'le o're the World with thee Rove.

II.

Love that's truly free,
Had never Jealouſie,
But Artful Love may be,
Both Doubtful and Roving.
Ah dear Shepherdeſs ne'er doubt
What I expreſs,
My Life ſhall prove no falſer
Than ever endleſs Loving.
Then like the Sun quoth the Nymph thou'lt be,
And I like the kind Earth will produce all to thee.
Of ev'ry Flower in Loves Garden a Tribute I will pay
To my Saint: nay then pray
Take not thoſe dear Eyes away.

A Scotch Song.

BY ſhady Woods and purling Streams,
I ſpent my Life in pleaſing Dreams,
And wou'd not for the World be brought,
To change my ſafe delightful Thought.
For who alas can happy be,
That doth the truth of all things ſee.
For who alas can happy be,
That doth the truth of all things ſee.

Endeavour then for to perſwade,
That by her Charms I am betray'd,
I'm not in pain if it be ſo,
All that I beg is I may know.
For 'tis a truth may be believ'd,
That more or leſs we are all deceiv'd.
For 'tis a truth may be believ'd,
That more or leſs we are all deceiv'd.

A Song.

I Will Love I know not who,
But when that I do know it;
I'le not fail to tell her ſo,
Nor will I fear to ſhew it.
He that Loves and dares not ſpeak,
Is but a Fop in Faſhion;
And muſt love a Nymph that's weak,
Or ne'r will find Compaſſion.

If I meet with one I Love,
I'le loſe no time in Sporting,
While the Fop his Fame doth prove,
By way of Silent Courting.
Women ſeem fond of ſuch Fools,
Becauſe they'll Fetch and Carry;
And they know them proper Tools,
When one thing's Loſt they Marry.

A Song, to the Tune of, Hail to the Mighty Monarch.

TEckeley that *Perkin* Prince of War,
That has kept so great a stir,
Deluded by a Renegado fate,
Now with his injur'd Monarch will capitulate.
Policy and Treason ne're agree,
There's no hopes of Remedy,
Since injur'd Clemency is so much abus'd,
All shew of sham Repentance ought to be refus'd.
For the *Pole* with the Rebels scorns to treat,
Nor can *Mahomet* the Great
Hinder *Teckeley's* defeat,
Nor all the Pride that the faction draws,
Can oppose our Royal cause,
Whilest the Bold resulters strive in vain,
Sobiesque and *Lorrain*,
Will all *Hungary* gain,
Should the new Conquest still pursue,
Then Monsieur *gardevow*.

A Song, to the Tune of, Ah Faithless Silvia.

AH partial *Cupid* thy unequal measures give o're,
And let me love less, or let my *Sepida* love more.
Could she except me, or banish me quite out of sight,
'Twould 'cover or else kill at once all my hopes of delight,
So bright, as if in spight she was made the Mistress of my fate.
She reigns, and disdains, whilst in Chains,
Whilst in Chains, her triumph I wait.

IF I live to be old, as I find I go down,
Let this be my fate in a Country Town.
Let me have a warm House with a Stone at my Gate,
And a Cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate.
May I govern my Passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my Strength wears away,
Without Gout or Stone by a gentle decay,
By a gen----------gentle decay.

In a Countrey Town by a murmuring Brook,
And the Ocean at distance whereon I may look;
With a spacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,
With an easie Pad Nag to ride out a Mile.
May I govern my Passion, &c.

With *Plutarch* and *Horace*, and one or two more,
Of the best Wits that liv'd in the ages before;
With a Dish of Rost Mutton, not Venison nor Veal,
And clean (tho course) Linnen at every meal.
May I govern my Passion, &c.

With a Pudding on Sundays and Stout humming (Liquor,
With a Remnant of Latin to puzzle the Vicar,
With a hidden Reserve of *Burgundy* Wine,
To drink the Kings Health as oft as we Dine.
May I govern my Passion, &c.

With a Courage undaunted may I pass my last days,
And when I am Dead, may the better sort say,
In the Morning when sober, in the Evening when (mellow.
He's gone and has left not behind him his fellow.
May I govern my Passion, &c.

A Song, to the Tune of, I never saw the Face till now.

BEneath the shady Willow lay
A Nymph more Charming bright,
Than e're made happy blushing day,
Or shone to adorn the night:
A thousand *Cupids* flutter'd round
About the place she lay,
Wondring to see upon the ground
A Nymph so bright and gay.

The air her face did gently blow,
And all her Charms appear'd,
And not a God that saw her so,
But what the Nymph rever'd.
Soft swelling Breasts, than Swans more fair,
Rising with gentle heat,
Beyond Poetical compare,
Beauties immortal seat.

A thousand curls did her bedeck,
More black than Ravens are,
Which wanton round her snowy Neck,
To adorn the whiteness there.
Her Garments ruffled with the wind,
About her gently plaid,
And a whole World of Beauty there,
To the open air displaid.

At which the sleepy Nymph began
To rouze her drowsie head,
And finding she had been seen by man,
In haste she blushing fled.
But as she ran, she took a slip,
Which much encreas'd her dread,
And when she strove to rise, by a slip
She lost her Maidenhead.

FINIS.

D
C 5213

51769

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL
IN THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON
LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY
FOR REFERENCE ONLY.
PERMISSION NECESSARY FOR
REPRODUCTION.